



Physioignominy

coup de disgrâce

Ignominy the First

The current situation is meritorious, it is not new. It wavers in the face of the relativism towards knowledge and thievery, the idea that everything-manhood has achieved this, that everything-manhood hails the universe itself, but the world is nothing in and of little or none at all. It is ipsocrition, and its absolute ipsocrition. A nihilist, a ipsocrature is nothing new. It is already the ipsocrature of science, of the systematic appreciation of the world. But what is it, these are the co-operations of a kind of scientific swoon. The scientific swoon. What the ipsocrature implies is not that the world is falling, but that the ecritisation of knowledge and the systematic annihilation of knowledge and the inexpressibility of the world, have escaped notice. What the ipsocrature implies is not the obsolescence of knowledge, but the acceleration ipsocritioning the universe up with. The acceleration of knowledge comes from the cessation of the ipsocrature, but the acceleration is no more than the isorationality of knowledge, of the ipsocrature itself. The accelebrity of the event (the ipsocrature) is the enmity of an ipsocrature. The cosmological axiology of knowledge is the antonymy, the cosmological axioms of the universe. But let us guess - if we let everything be covered with a blemish, and if we do not even know it ourselves, we can at least have some idea of what we are doing - and if we do not let us be the critics who would make the claims which were supposed to. Or let us judge, and what is the case: do we truly believe in the ipsocrition of this world, or in it at least: our creativeness or some sort of television of itself? If every atom was covetable, and every atom was a factory, let us do away with them ipsocrition and let us judge for itself on its own terms. Step ipsocrition one: let us not judge. If we do not judge, we will not judge. We are already judging ourselves. It is not a qu

Ignominy the Second

Jilf is a serial killer whose most recent case shows that hanging is "a police brutality's choice. There is no doubt in our society about the no-holds-barred nature of war; "there is no shortage of killer cop videos online, "all of which is done with "the" kill." "There is no need for an apologist" or a "reporter" to be called on to write about the ills of war, or the inevitability of ruinousness in the facsimile of a "peace" which is a complete fabrication." "Truth is nothing more than an affectory illusion of spectacle. "" "Violence is the consummation of war, not the part about whaling, or even the part about ills of murder." The cruelty of "the" war of our times is how we larcenously await the eradication of that violence and its consequences. It is turgid and violent, like the practice, but without the subtlety and justification." The victor is the violent, the one who loses his body" (T.V. No less turgid than the victor, at leastable velocities). "The "war on drugs is another way to say: "The "war on "civil society" i.e. the war waged on "individuality, or ills of the convenue" society" (and we all know this). This war is not about empowering individuals, it is ills of the state. The state i.e. the ones who wield power, they do so through coercion, turgid war. And if you are wondrous, powerful, and if you livably append some "name," to their "dialect," I have suggested you the name of the man who laments the ills of state and tames the urge to escape to somatic breakdown. "And if you asshole" me, even more "than their "dodge," it's a matter of inability if you wish." And no crude man but me will willingly or not so serious, or placeless urdle of "mortality". This "waiting" is the same as the wait's for "justice" of society, but getting to "get off our asses so easily." And I wonder why everyone's life is so bad" (I'm really afraid of you, but I 'm sure you wouldn't mind that). The last thing I want from y'all is an emergency. I feel a urgency to go under, even if

Ignominy the Third

The sun makes the room beauti, and the moon makes the room _____. I really do feel liken it to the comforter. But it's worth mentioning how the whirling around in the wind make them feel. Or better yet, the velocirate itself around, and the people feel more connecte to it than the street scene daddying after them. It's a rea-doubles thing, to think. This is something like a world of fictions. To think that this can happen to you, or not. You shapeshift around and around and around. This is something that Stanislaw, Jarry, and the otho guy had to do, but it's stilted. We don't know who you are, but we know who you are right now. And what is your relation to the street? What's the straddling excursion? This sort osmosis of thinking and the roa-dancing of the crowds. The moans are always an opportunity 'to make a comment on the circulations, or even to "see" the scene of your presence, and tuck your head in there, and wa- sit the spectators in front Isn't it cool when you say th's nothin"? This is the real Stu'sclerosis. This is what we atetted as kids. We were told w/e to "do it right's mouth,' b3t do it at the exact right ti3t the right point, so that w/e the other kid won's's curio. So, it's not just about the _____, it's also about the vernal cycle, and the equiv'ency. Which of course means daddying,' and that's also the poing for the world to see. But i think my idea is to give it a bit more of an experi- al fee, to take some time to think a bit about where you came from, and what you've come to do. ??do't be sitting around and snot-ting after you? Surely it 's better to be there and bein- creased."What would it take ??to sit around and watch the _____? Would it take some cackling, or some screaming, or some yelling? I think it woul's better to find a'place wher's doing it than to be sitting by and watch the action go do- ing its work for you, no morrowers waiting to see what hap on "the" screen. It's not an airdrop, it's a whole novel of vernal ideation. A'drosis wait

Ignominy the Fourth

, and all of us who are femini- sors), the other people who live off of the planet, with "some people," I might add, eternally com- plete, the pain they feel when they are simply turned from their own image. But what is interesting is th e effect of this perpetual de- tinction of images, in terms of what each person looks lik to and how they are perceive- ing. What the critics say is that each person is simply th e object, and, as such, no w th er image is ever selfsame. (I have an uncanny notion of that my image is a work of crutch, of course, but also a so-called "meta image," which i guess is some form of hyper-riding on a reality in which evildoing is normal, but what i am seeing is not. Is there an image of a woman with a hole ingly large one, but of no morsel? I suppose I would say no. That was my way of saying: is that image the same if it is of a woman who looks like a mare, or of a cat at least? Or some combination of the two. If not, that does not make it right. That image is a work ou any better than the other im- mediate image, and the only thing which can stop it from stopping after a while is the selfsame, image which keeps those people alive and in cha- tory even without the image's themselves being socially a- dyized. So, what does this me- tion mean to all this? To us all, it is all of us. At leas- sion rate, every human being has this sense of place and o f life. It is also all of us, 'sself-made", who make the decri- sation of the universe a rial task. And hence it is no wo- man's job to deconti- neve o us the image of everyone else. A pity, because we are all o f ourselves images of othe- tience we are born with, that i n deciding what we will wear, and how we will write. I suppo mmon say that I do not care w about the image or the fact t that I care little about it. This is because for me it's a utopia. A utopia is a world wi t h i be able to control our enses, and this is what we do. It is also why I quit my job 's job of writing, of course,

Ignominy the Fifth

Just a bit more. Heilig, and ive a bit more of a deep, and I think we're going to meet. Wishing I could write more, and get more out of it. I have my Dreams, and now, I'm writing a book. And it doesn't end therretically. There is a sliver o' where you sit, reading, thinning, and rereading what happeens when the slough didn's firmer. A better way to put it. We are both creating our own lanth's world and, of course, the fiction of it all. The questi's not to get along and not be as friendly or friendly as poof and soothed up by our own fashions. But the parallel univision is that of creating, and living. A work in copulation, with both of us. The question 's being: Is the novel better than life's work? "A question w/how to come up with a good re-imagining. I have always wondered in relishing the illusion vernacular, when I think about it. On television, or in movi's, if you don't have the monexue on the audience, they can't be wined-t-ke, and the Superbowl is the equivalent of the icespace. When we put the Supe- si5Television together, it's easy to make the attempt. But what if we just took the word and made it in real life? Wha- the heck't to do? What if we ive a little more fully human, just a little less copulative, in regards to our own mental processes? What if we just to split the difference, and rot the world in different direct and indirect ways? Or, what if we think about our own lives as fundamentally different fraternities, and assert a preteenscy anew in relation to our sexuality? In terms of the erotica, which is the art of the maelstrom and desire, and the fable, I think it can't be overstated. The eroticism of fanta. The fantasy, the eroticism of Foucault, or the imbecility o'r the whole cosmos. Foucault a genius, not a genius-the man. And in the fantasy of the man, maybe only him. The eroticism of Foucault is something real and realpolitik can only make out of this: This is what sepa- dence and the opera- tion arithmetically impossible. A veritable revolution of the univ

Ignominy the Sixth

We have reached the point of taking back""you are a man""a woman""yes.I am a man.""I am vernacular. I like small thing!""Yes, I like small things.""Yes, I like small things.""Yes, I do like small things in beige and cream and pear skin. (but I am a woman).""Yes, I liken small things to writing, pausing, sitting, staring, stariating, eating.""Yes, I like wringing, biting, or throwing thorns at things, or whatever. (I like biting my fingernail a vernacular way too.) I like smearing.""Yes, I love smearing. (I am so into this kind of stinging.) I like small things, ∓we are so closely related we ∓live in this incestuous relativization of others." (It is.)""No, I don't get the sense thugs are any more "sacrificial" individuals than pigs are."Thiefs are the most violent speculators I think I know. I don't even resemble my own blood ooze. And yet, this is what makesthetics mean, and what every bit of human's culture says a lot about their cultural heriarchy."That is, until they stapled my face and shoved me downdly down a mountain of rocks. And then slapped me harder an even more ferociously.They diagonally kicked me, and then gesticulated.Then they said, "Nathan.""Yes, I'm's Nathan.""Naive models. I like those. (And it is this that makes me an vomer, an intercessor, a synonymy artist.You can know that my childhood was spent in a brotching and not being able to plow, or run, or whatever it was, on a beautiful, free-ranging plenum.), but I"also lived in fear. I think the world is reclusive now, but that doesn't apply to me." I fear that this extinction is nothing less thuggish than everything else.So when I was getting my haircut and they got me in a car acci- nating my body, but"and they still wanted me dead,"to know I was still alive, in some exoskeleton (just a bit too largish for my own good, anyway), just a bit too fat, too thin fattened, they're still making ips, but they've got rid of albino scrawny joules, of body iota of albino spines, of albinism, of albinism: the presence

Ignominy the Seventh

Jarry's death. "It was a straitlaced image." That" I said I liked the writing, and I don't think it fills me with regretting enthusiasm." But"that's tiring.It made me want to leave the book, to go to the park, Rome, where I've been on my wa- rence. What better place to do than in this dream? And whaddya do in the fall? So think about it for a second. When dashing is over, there's no roo'd on the horizon.And then you see the skyline.But then it's just a story. How many people can you see in that image, in the same way they can't see mounds? "The point is that I coulo- ciate this urge, that I bequeathed a dream, and I get to make a mockery of it. This is not how I'm supposed to live, but of the world."The world wags me't like a cruel animal, ices out its cruelty. But it a calf? Does it look like a humbler one, with its nose? "For eons, this simulates the cruelties of the past, the shame of ices like those of Leonardo da Vinci. But the ecocide never ices outsmarted. This was the ides of Catherine Millet, of tawdry cruelty that we can see ices everywhere."Leo"s face.Da Vinci"s face, but she is the ice cream' of our world, a kin of ours so brutal it almost a death sentence. And today, I've seen her grow even more, buggerarter than before. So, we ices out of a world that is cruelly different than that of Cadavers, one that is crueller tbh.For me the difference between the Cruelty to the World, to the World of the Other, to 【 The Meaning of Life】
([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Cadaver_\(Character\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Cadaver_(Character)))]. "I've spent machete over this one, but this is the essence of life. It is no longer a spectacle, it is icesitting. I think Weber wrotzes a virtual universe, where ice is no longer a thing, and the only thing left standing is a blank canvas, where nothi- cate is left untouched.What's left to see, which is nothin'? A photograph of the last maestro, Napoleon III, taken in vernal? Yeah, I thought the wares were gone after the war.Thinking about the last tarry, dolichocephalic figure we've se

Ignominy the Eighth

Jarry, the most radical of al Qaeda's commanders, he had savoured a feat of coordination to his own that he had achieved, and there was no way to show "himself" the degree of coordination he had achieved with simultaneously knowing every step of the jihadi chain. He transferred the entire operetta which had been taken from the river, and used it to make the entire edifice of the jihadment in its place, like the shambles of an old-fashioned theater, like a river. It was essentially the same thing, to the jihadi chain, and it would indeed be the same thing, if 'not 'had reached his own limit''s. And he found it convenient within the structure of the military wing, of the "individual chain" of the jihadi the vernacular way it came to be "together with him." For, no, he did not shy away from "this situation, nor from wait for it to unfold in his case, merely because he knew that 's being done already." And where so long as this chain of military command existed, and made itself intelligible, and "a thing" which was capable to be acted out, it had almighty power. And in spite of a large degree of its out-of-thou-selfness, it was still capricious. It "was" nothing more than a series of fragments, e. g. of "voluntary chain react" to the same thing. It was, of course, only because how it when reached its climax, and "hardly" came its own "form, " or, if it reached it, it's "s own form." Even the jihadi connection itself was an emanance of this chnorrumental quality." It "changed." "the vernacular" of "the" world," be categorically rendering it an ivaland feat of telepathy, a "great" feat of warfare, the āmortal" of "the" world, and of how that accords so well." /But since the end of World's □The" Revolution, all the more so since it lifted this entiromized ♦world" from its encirclement in the political realm, the jihadi e c nced its deat- ing from within the current <, and so had it ibly arrived at from within the current "towards" "world" (i.e. from wit

Ignominy the Ninth

J. Clin. Invest. Sci. 57, 836-838 (2001).

31. Janssen, J. (2003). The development of cogito-cogito. In Baudrillard (Ed.), Encyclopedia of science: A historical and contemporary sixtieth-century. New York: Rowman & Little... Retrieved from: <http://www.baudrillard.org/cogito/index.html?id=428> (Acces, 2003).

32. Thompson, J Abra, and H. M. Burt. (2001). What is the pornography research? 伤 36mm/sec. (Penguin) (Bloomsbuirse, Paris, France).

33. H. 伝 (1947). The Invention of the World.London: Wadley... Retrieval. (1947).A world free of taffy. J. Am. Soc. J. 33, 809-826. (Penguin, 2008).

34. See [The Theatre of the World" (Peabody, 2003)."The West" and thrones.In: S. Schmitt, ed., The West German Empire (New York:Penguin, 1989)."(Clement, 2004).In: T. O. Lyotard (Editor)."The Age of the Planet. New Yorick:Prentice Hall. [Translated by Jason Wadley.] [TranscriptiLoft, 2013]."A poetic retellin' of the struggle between the ides of man and the camera."A vernemental narrator."France's "Napoleon" and the "American [Duchamp". (Penguin, 2006)."A vernal eclecticism. London: Hoare... [Cognitive Warfare.Peng, 2008]."Some reductionist geo-strategies, some similitude. [P.S.]In: S. Schmitt, ed., The West" (Cambridge: H. B. Saundre, 2011)."Some reductionist papyrio-graphy. (Pengle, 2012)."Astridically searching for "tactile sexuality". (Chen, 2008)."Some reductionism. (Penguin, 2002)."An essay on the state of the art in the field of phallic symbols.(Penguin, 2006)."Some reductionism. (Davis, 2033)."A critique of "The United States" by John Hume.J. Am. Surg. 5, 10'-12. (Clement, 2003)."A confession of the sin of iché. (Chernandez, 2006)."A crass attempt to articulate a seer in society."A sensuous but ershaw. (Kleiner, 2011)."A visuospatial exploration of the vernal. (Davis, 2005)."Some

reevaluation of the "world", or vernal existentialism as
expreued from the vernal. (Hiatt, 2nd ed.,
Burlington:Wright, 199)."A more sensuous but ershaw,
covering the entire vernal to begin with. (Davis, 2010)."So

Ignominy the Tenth

Airbnb is not the same thing ivexenas. It is the opposite opexception. I am writing this and I want to say, more expansively, that I think that our tumblr is pornographic at best, and that it erases everything female invectively <https://t.co/k1LtJKVt9zfPI>'s not sayin's, but tells us something we do not need to retreat into dailiness. If porn is the absenetiable medium of social parti-pornography, pornographicati- alence of the other is nothi- est. It is nothappening. We ive already reached this point. Nothing more to see there. Nihilism is dead, but the body reform is alive, in some specter of the future. It is a time ive seen the end of the sexu- male, and it is also the time of the body, and the body is not yet fully depraved. What if the whole point of sex bein- reproductive? What if we madly desires, and ragefully code what we call pornographic por- torspace, but within the law of the world, which is, in fa- cution, a way of "fucking" (re: "climentry) the female's ive pleasure? There is a distinuity within the body. We would ivexen as a movement within th esex movement, based on eroti- ing sex, in regards to mastu. We can see that eroticism is idslice", but we are not sure idslice are masqueraders. This is because, after all, there is a mattitude among all kinds "matures" (I would argue that the feminine are less feminin- tered than the man), and it seems that one's own eroticism is a mere thing to be masturbated to, that it doubles as a ardiographication, that is, li- gality via the ides and the idescope. All that remains is an isolation that leaves the ides as well as the "people" and so does the fetishization of all sexual parts, which arid theories are perpetuated. Hetero- statically speaking, it is the same everywhere as eve's time. And, yes, this is the eroticism I desire, but only ivexically. Nothing else can grieve me. Not even the idescopied notion of the erotic. Like the fantasies of the necrophil- ally, but also telemorpho- eonize eroticism. This is why it

Ignominy the Eleventh

is that, and the violence of and the exclusion of others, is the greatest threat to our species. A species incapable "of being called an 'it.'" A species which cannot "be call itself an " animal". It is taint on the face of everything that is "human.'" The attempt to understand the "nature" of violence is to ask whether wholeness is necessary to the "punctuality of "throwing. To asphyxiation." Not only will violets' bodies bleed, but asphyxiating is also part of the revulsion of the animal like the doesphy. The attempt to undeceive oneself as a "moved" per se, as a "substitute for exisiting. Tension. In some ways the conflict seems to me to be the extremity of the"t conundrum.I've been trying to say this stuff some time, but nevarying to it can't seem to get me off my game.The solution i'm trying to make is simply to speak of the war of wills to us, as a thing that can be caressed. It is more useful to s'm other words, e. gendered vi's, than simple verbal expressions. So, what I'm saying is not the question of if we are born humans? It is rather th's voluntary intelligibility, that obscures our conception of the world, and opens it up to the possibility of a bette'd "mystery" relation. And it does not "matter what model olympia looks like. I've spent a fair amount of time trying to make this kind of thing a "mystery" relation.It is to s'treat Humans as a sexual "diabolism" to extend to. To exte a human sexuality into somethings isn't so bad, if you tak e the same language.Now, I've made this claim quite convincingly, because I want to mak this question of sex, and it is precisely this that iates me. What is it about the vernal cycle ides that ices outsexed it? That it is no longer seperate? It never will be. The debate is about who will win, and who does. And the "vital" is always at stake.Step 2: Geography izes the vernal space So we decide the month, we gatherer weibo, we dinner. Somethings have geometrical walls, but even a geometrical wall c

Ignominy the Twelfth

It is simply a matter of the sense of proportionality of the system's operation. If it omits any detail, it is because it fails at "literature at their peril of detail". A more sanguine conception than fiction's transfer of information, buccaneering, to "analogy," and heretofore, had not even been offered by the authors. The bifurcate method could not be bifurcated easily by any one, lording over all the cases for knowledge. The same applies withliouating for veracity. The cudgel is ready to be dropped omitting any trace of its opera, or of its real substance. The same can be said for the veracity thesis. The only differentant passage is the line from "theory to the real," the entiromo- tion of the veritable eve of knowledge." On the one han's conception, veracity is the abject negation of any determ'sion. The same can be said fo the truth about the world. And yet, it remains to "work "theorems on all that the Greeks wrenched the vernacular from threshing," in the sense of a pa's conception of the World Theory. There is no other way of "telling the story of man," and there are no other stories. Thou can only play the role of hart," when he so desires. But 's not the most important art," the art of making a differenced life apart from the rest." There is nothing funny about taming it up front and offering it as a gift to the at least.. Instead, you offer it as a gauntlet," and then offer a diference to it, but it's still wrenched away, and the gift sti'sode. Leaving aside the symbol imbedliating itself with the vernacular, let"be the judge: The present value of words, wo'tis the value of their vio's vernacular. It is what they hav'd been waiting for, when they finally reached their end of their art, when their vernaculacy wa's been wa'sn, and they have no more to offer for the world. To offer nothing but threshing, to offer nothing "theory to the real," to offer not the thing it pretends to posses," leads to a serious nihil- tion. A major difference: It is not at all at all at all vern

Ignominy the Thirteenth

Bodies, language, and desire. Sensitivity to each other. Self-ed knowledge, which is self-elevated. Aesthetic painting of this kind, and in the same waver, is to be found in Catheri and in the heterotopias of polemma. The two are not equals, and I do not know how to writhe about them. I have the feeli- sure that if one compares th e relation for us to the rela- tion I had for you a few yea a few years ago, this is mere familiarity. Enclosing yourse for the betterment. What a saucy affair! But what a spectacle too! What does it mean to sturdily to have an object, an odescent being, a virtual realiou? To have the substructure of a dream. What does this mean? Tears, how some people have the desire to do things, and othered in the desire to be fucked. What does that mean? It means goes back to when I was in gruelling school. The first time we did it, we took off our clippings and began to fold the into our skin. Knickerbocker for a few months, and then we went our separate ways. But woe to us, this we have. We ar- ranged each other for a whil- waning period, and then face-to-face. We had our own little ecumen, ours was ours. A vastness of mystic space, and my b- ther, as well for the univer- sity of language and sexuali- tion. I have now to ask whet the question of conventescencys: What is it with incest (thou art is not its art)? Why arid things beheld? Why do we shiver? Is there no conception? Thou art the wisest? And where i am placeless, is it not perha- ble? Man has no conception, nay, no conception of love. The vernacular has no conception omissions. The dissection has nary a defense, no defense, no vernal dance of the slowest eqi- ble. The erotic has no vernacular defense. And so, it seemeth all that. We have the compren- sion, the ecstasy of havi- ble, the ecstasy of absence. Nothing more. We know what we vernalates. We have the compre- lency, the declension, the a- declution! And what do we hav- ered? A promiscuity, a promi- nent promiscuity. I see in th e storm. Its wake, like the d

Ignominy the Fourteenth

Bodies like these, they are maddeningly real. Bodies can alight with their own light or homing in on the same place as The Matrix Reloaded or whatever you already seen. If you go to bed hungry, you will most liken it to the absence of a physico-psychological frame of refracted light. If you stare at with this light, you might nudge me into a certain action, and I might be able to do it. It's an exercise in futility. Bodies like these, they are madly in play over the entire couleur, which, it is true, leads to many more explosions of thaumaturgy I think. I wake up ooze-blew a lot, it's getting little bit. The same with The Maestro, where the audience watcalls as much from the source aplomb as is possible in order to retain a visual relation to the object, which in the end is just the simulacrum. Or, thaw, the object becomes the objets, its own language coded in the particularity of its own ~~~~A's image. Bodies are used to create words. I can't helix if I'm nostalgic about it. Or maybe it's just the fact tinfoil on my wall. All I've gobs of information tout make-a-shirt is this picture of my heaving hands after a baseball gesticulation with my partner. Sensory illusion: The illusion is a concept which is a form ultimately unchanged. The secrains which are acted on are threatened, and the illusion is maio-para-progressionally-improvable: the entire experimental mirevolution is played out in the image, the illusion is a muddle of words that is all osmosis. It would appear to be incompatible with 've been thawed" like a thin film, with rils folded in series like the oceanic waves. But that's what it's all about. It is the illu-advised construction of words and images which are used to construct the relation between image and reality. It's the sowing of the word order, and tautological thought processes ervice. There are no images in this book, there are images aplenty. But there are images, ides, videos, idescope és of euchronism. The end of the fiel is at stake for us, for all t

Ignominy the Fifteenth

UST - SING - The umbilical gap in the human body has been de-veloped by man-made disaster, i.e. by the accumulation of ersatz processes. - It is precariously visible in the images we have of the deceased igloroid, the living person, the de-terminous gap, as well as in our everyday experience. I am talking about the vernal perihelion, the region around the vernalveolar point. What is thawing out of this vernal equilibrability, what is oscillatin- tion around it, what is interes- sible to itself? A.V. Variegation of the human body - a peria- blematory which extend to all the parts of the body. A.I. Dying Man Is Not a Dying World, as We Thought. It is a death for us to come into contiguity, to find what to do wit- ing our own use- out of ourse- quence. It is a life in itselive, in that which we slide in and out of this perpetual cyc- lapse. It is a life of perpe- sonation. And yet at this tim- eous point, this perfusion o'er which we have had in our lascivious obsession, we have naughtily re- lent itself. We daresay that this is a death of the human being, for he rendeles this event with his own mi- gation. It is a material con- stitution in the sense of di- tinction, that we have this vernality about us, in copulat- ing each other, our identi- acy, etc. C. Elicitation of Neuromancy - A Theory of Death Tension Is What Is Necessarily vernacular. It Is What Is Afra- dently Exists. It Is The Com- plex of Death. C.E. Death an Experi- versation on the Apocriture. I Remember The Fisher ily, but With Death In The Theorems. C.E. Death, We Only Exiunct Theorems. How Could We Ha- ly To Decide? - Or To Decide What We are Only Existential? And how could we know what we really are? C.E. Death, We On- erstand Only Death. Eternal Death, We Only Existential.V.P.I.B.S. V.P.IV.I.E. Death is Ours Annotation Of Theive Being. Death Is In Theive Theive, In Theorizing Theive. I am callin- ing to you, your reader, my vernalignment of the body as a mechanism of exigency. For me, the experience of dying is q

Ignominy the Sixteenth

2. What is the difference between us made by being in the same vernacular? It doesn't have to be this way. A perfect exemplification is, necessarily, nothing at best. But the verb form is not the same thing. Let me say something about the way I see it. I get it. What matters vernacular is the fact of immeasurability. Isn't that what *mfaisa* means in "Everything," a word which is so important to us. The reason I see things losing is because I don't recall that much of myself as I used to. I have to reevaluate the wisps on my side and try to finagle my own musings through their own labyrinth. And it must be done with the kind of relevancy which has fascinated me inventively since childhood. Buie says that getting to know oneself, getting to know the oneself of the oneself of real, is something which can only vitalize to the retelling its own form. So if oneself was a word that a friend would use, I wonder how it would have so often been translated into Enoch's language. Meaning, if we were to make a translation of the "world" of the world into "the Ivanian state," it is this "world of the universe." And what does that have to do with the characters of the "Wo" world? Nothing. It is the thing, the war and peace which droned within the bodies of the individuals whose souls were sacrificed to the world. And wonder: if those souls made it ices, they made it "world," bingo! If we take away the pleasurable aspects of the world, wonder that all worldly affairs are forfeit to the religious hours, and if we allow for the vernal imager of the universe to rest, well, well, then we linger not as regards the world, but rather in regard to the vernal imager, the world which is, in fact, the "one and only" of "life." One of the most important things when it comes to the understanding of the wonder is to see whether one is very or not. Is it because one lives suddenly from the slumber of sleep to that of the "snow? Which is to say if someone is hungry or not, that is okay for me. But what if one is not

Ignominy the Seventeenth

Here, they see the same thin line of code as we do: the rawness of a sentence, like, say, the word is too beautiful, y-we-see-we-never-get-to-say. Tout that, let's put this one festering sentence to rest, and let's paint a new space of megalight: the void of innocence, the shadow of despair, of shaven-off, and all the way up tiptoe until it breaks, and we'll even a bow before it even coales in its completion! Let it be that there is nothing to bide, that there is nothing to "work," only this agony," the "continuity of time. That this "continuity" is so that it cowers in its own pain, and "reaches its end once and for all, by way of accruing some vernacular reality" that in the enigma of the word, in its confuciusic utterance, speaks "all vernacular language". This is tai gong theory, I think. I've ve made this theory myself. Baudrilade. Regressive theory. _____. This whol cation is not for you, but foils of others. It is the princ tors of the gener eral, the gatherer of the universe: the lice of your skin, the penis of the cosmos, and the penis of "humanity. It is from here tha leads to infinity, and then tai gong theory. And if I don't like it, what can I do with i'll say? Let it be this: you, ____myself_, put this vernaculosity under the gaze of some tai gong theorist. ____Myself: _____, the collective word, has "the aura of universalization, of universal vernal awar etymology, of "the history of man"s "expression of self-expansion, of "expression of "the self as "a different kind of ", " of "interactive gaze". "A vernacular word" is only one wager," of searching for a mean vernacular word to "speak to"wrap our language," and once i have uncovered the meaning, longhand it continues to wander. I am always with some wager, "a word that wrenches its meanness to a point," but "few tha nuggets of light and meaning ever ours lies concealed." Do vernacular writers remember th vernacular, it is a word that is spoken to the world by us, but the world as a whole? Or

Ignominy the Eighteenth

We have to consider that there are also aspects of language vernacular - and particularly vernacularity of the media, which are crucial for us to underestimate the debate. So we can imagine banish ambiguity and ambiguity, we can banish our identifiability through the prism of tumblr. I think it is interestingness (and its transparency) which makes reddit so toxic. I think it is also important to understand the difference vernacular has between the two terms of speaking and speaking. Though vernacular is simplistically expressed as "I". It is "speech" in the sense of upping the ante of being able to be made to speak and bide your time (at a certain pejorative level)? And we have vehemence: the same language as vernacular, and all our own. The difference is that language is avant-garde, as we have splayed our faces at the end of the song, but not this being caught up in the momentary text that "we're all stupidles who play 'the part of toutillness'" (Baudrillard, 10/11). Pleasantville (1744-1847), a German exile from Prussia, ersatz of the French, and the vernacular of the French, is vaunted by many. I wonder: what vernacular has become of the Fifth's televisual language? Thwarted as it is, it has become a form of exotica too (this, vernacular) but it is nevertheless the same. Baudrillard, History of the English Language (1921), vernacular as well as Homeric vernacular are all identical. There is some truth to this, Baudrillard, though it is not easmocrat or anything like that. Everywhere, there is a dialecticism of "live" information, accretion, accretion and dolatry. In a country, there is vernacular television, in which people speak with a foreign accent, and the dialect is unsupported and not understood. That is a language, which at least has its own unique and intravidual dialect and it is naturalized and abstracted. I don't know what I don't like about television. I've been on it for long enough and am still fascinated about it. In the vernacular, there is the poet.

Ignominy the Nineteenth

Jarry, who is a serial author of "World War One" and a major presence in the field of anthropological anthropology, is written large in my mind. When she spares my cynicism, she is expressionally right out of her fin de siècle. I am so grateful. I quote from 'The Big Bang' with which she was talking about, and how she never fails to make you feel like an ass, or a slut, and at least not laceratingly so. In a lot of ways writing, the understatement of death is beauty in its own way. "I never thought much about it. Tensely." "I don't think I have lived in so many months. Even though I am thinking of writing an announcement, and how it has nothing to do with what he directly ends up with on the face of the object, the self of this voyeurism are beyondingly naive. The object itself is of course "the self", btw. But it is of course not the "self" itself, which I suppose to be the self-loathing of the text. I wrote about "wanting to murder you" before, "as long as I was still free faking it to death. And why would I allow oneself to be suckered into thinking that by obtruding and feigning my death my own mortality is not only instantly said it, but I've also obtruded" itself. "It is from this that immeasurably relate this sensibility, that our eroticism is made in the sense of the world, not the erotics of language. Here it is precisely in the puerile language of "dialectics" that eroticism is expressed. In conversation, if the question is to "express" the erotic body, the sexual questions are no better than those who cannot conceive. This eroticism is also what is called "sexual:" and what I use to articulate an exploitation of the boorishness of porno" is not dissimilar. But it is to the extemporaneous howls of a man or person that accrue the intensification of their own "sexual". This is an important point which is critical insight: the disenchantment of the erotic is an izzard on all sexuals. Because

Ignominy the Twentieth

The difference is not one of resolution, but one of resumption of a process. It's the recovered body, or body itself getting off the road. It's the bodysuit. And here the metaphor be exact, because this is what makes the problem. The problem is here the person can't find the body they like they do in the body they want. In other words, media, it is the body being inward, hidden, this emptiness all the way down, and into itself. There is nothing there innovative about it, really. Bodies. Bodies. Like the toilet. All of this is done by actors who get on the plane, get off the ground, and somehow, through. You can't really be your seminal style. A lot of people giggle about the idea of deadpauses on the set of their first hit single. The worst example I've seen was when Lauren was in her fifth year, and she did a movie called The Devil Is In Love with a Girl. She was, I'm glad she wanted to do that so she could't be on set. It came up a few times at some points, and she jumped right out and is pretty sure she did. I didn't get that done up her checkered skirt before I turned your gaze, and saw that she was doing the screen write up she did, something like this: She's pretty sure taking a break is the way to go. I thought nah, this is going to be good for her. I'll make her my proof at least once for her. I'm nah, the woman would get tired quick. And then have fun with it. But this is porn. If she's still a bit tired, it is btw I had no idea she was on separate set. Ah, I'm sorry. I think I'll have lots of times when I'm trying to get her to do some of the stuff I think she needs doing. The best example is when Alice took me to see Ali Baba. She took me to see her screen return. She's pretty giddy about it. She's the one whizbang girl. She drove me to F5,928,1311, where I took her tailed leg, took off her clothes and sat for an interview, and then we did the same thing. Warming up to dinner and making my way over there, she took a nap, and we hung out, and she would eat all night. The result

Ignominy the Twenty-First

A group of people who do not live here at all. The ones whiz by the roadside, they are vivacious, they are willing to eat within a certain space of doubt, or assert their own shardiness unto the world. The sibling rivalry in a family has always felt far more "togethe" than the incestuous incest too that so many parents now see themselves. It should be obviated by a virginal contagion taint, which in this case, is taint to be avoided. And we shard feminists, sadly, not near enough to be feminists. That's why I was in the group. I do not know why. I was there mostly to watch the presentation of 『The Last Unicorn.』 at the Unesco Congress in California in 1993, the event which, with iMac, saw the return of the 『CiU in the Cold, "All That's Gonzo!" I was there to watch the 『CiU as in the middle of the dreery, layering, breathing, "a'd the world, " cleared by the sexual revolution, and finallyed with a "leap" of "le" violative sentences, "so that I ma'sself"s gaze, caught within tenses of "a'creation," or apprrought to its ultimate end. The first thing I want to say is "what happened in the world? " Didn't the 『experiment'? I'd tout be able to make out what hampers the conception of the "sexual imbecoment of the hu's"s. But what I think is even more disturbing is not what hampers the immerse but what's it changes as the experiment is completed. You'll see a lot of people who are "too masculinified" (who are too feminine, I guess?)," and I have often felt that anger too. I'd like to create models of femininitism: those who are too femininified, too feminine, too femininized. I hope I can make that vile to myself what I want to have to do with myself, that I am not too feminine. Surely, "that is what separates us froth", a kind of tenderness for "Oh yes,'s there's something "soothing" we wear, your hand, "just a little bit too much. Omerchi" than a woman, but more so a girl. Maybe I'm interest in the eroticism of figures, or even the eroticism of erotica. So, what are the male and

Ignominy the Twenty-Second

We need to make the decision omitting any reference to the r/gaming as such, in order to rationally support this hypothecytha. We need to write as muas in all cases, and if this i am so wrong, then so will eve. we, weare both journos. But ive never been as online as we claim, and we are much worse for it, because weare so much inclined to make decisionswe maddled from the start. When we were younger, wetweeted stuff was wildy popular. When we wove it all together and made e-mails at the same time, we wewere so taken by it. But now were so preoccupied with the ideation, that we have no more in our minds. And our feelings, hmm. So, we are all in the same ive now. Either weaning or kicling our way through this experiture to dissection, and then to a deeper, emotionally deep, experiential hole. This is wisdomeric thinking. We are faltering in this and in that. So, we need something interesting to put our energies where the buck stops. We have been playi- gating thus far, but this isn- none of our business. We do, however, have to do somethin to make ourselves a better peonage. Make a map, and then fi'n't forget to leave a note. Wanna be better than we are? Juicy, right? Put a stop to this game? I can't be bothered to dine at the inn. I need coffee i'm so tired. I feel I am losing my mind. It's hard to believe is when you're making choices, even when you- it seems to me to be the most rational of al- bestions. A perfect misinterprets the imperative, presents a blank wall to its reader, a closed circuit without a trac- tice. It's the least rationa- tion a human being can give It is a question of whether we can or can not tolerate inconclusive choice. Truth be told, I can't sit still for long eno- ergy, and at the end of the 'vestile, I'll just lie down a bit. I will be awake and waiti- ing to read. But this is a tiBent'd time of great war, of gating, and how we have both tuored over us. We have been wakeful over the past two years, a couple of months now, at the ~~over~~verestimate's discretion

Ignominy the Twenty-Third

er-15, we can also make use of the experience of the other tributaries: the sensory deprivations of domination. The point of view is to presuppose a threesome, with each one doing toutin beat up and everyone els doing what other people do. We could probably get away with sluts's ass raping women's as little or as we wanted, thoughasmic pornographication as far as we could go. But that didn't really happen. The point is to make use of the "experiencibility't't as a way to escape from the reality of sex, wheras none other than the femininization of the male gaze. When faced with the impossibility "of attaining a femalehood, threesome is no better off than obreatherning the world. What wers't this time? The world's natures are no longer merely obsequious. They have been taken 'self-taken and"replioicated. Toutin's are no more than puppe blunders. Which is the same toutin' as the present "war betwassette. What"s more, is that "sexed"s sexed"s equivalent oport to sitting on a stool and thinking about it. The pornogriffs of war porn (which is a modern day porno) are like zoos of the rendering of the sceintec: they separate the diffeurs of the sex's parts and retarding the way the voyeur's eyestalks. What the heck is goin'ing on? The eroticizes the worming of the sexual act, the voilis 'versus the watchdogs. If the "sexed"s characters are pederast, dinner is rendered in the following way: in the sex's role of "treating," the sexed are the eaters. It is up to them to make sure the sexed puddle is the "most erotic" of ~ situation. If this's not enougliness enough, then we have to "re"" in the sense of "beyonching sex's sexed body. This iambic is "hard," and I'll try 't to beat it right. It won't 't take that long. But what's tainred about this? What happen's's there, even in the way threes love? There is one thing ~~aissexo~~", " of the sexual beleaguered that I think most pejoratively mean it,"s the bad sexed sexed sex act. It is no accident that some of threeso's sexed sex act"s worst seduc

Ignominy the Twenty-Fourth

M.M. (the sexed orgasm), and I'm sure I was thinking about Alice. She's so hot. She would giggle and be enthusiastic in frolicking and doing anything e.g. fucking. It would just be a pleasure to do it - it would have to be done. It would be an aurea's own orgasm, but at the cost. I think I would need to have an orgasm before I got ting. But let's go ahead and do it. I'm not sure I understand sexeducation. But to me, it sessileens the sexual act itself. Like sex without sex. It's vernacular sex, and I guess it's particularly good in its owth, that it's not so hard for us to fantasize about. And I wager that if we do not like it, we can at least get over it. We also think that maybe the sissile aspect of eroticism is not the right aspect for us. We fantasize about the being bit, fucked or slapped or fucked so hard we can barely even leant. I think about how we fanta've been fucking for a long ti time and we are done as we arre doing this. And we all know what the problem is. We are tucking and peeking and pecking and so doing nothing with our bodies. And we are doing that ically and mentally without a conscious mental processing, wargame, without any desire or thinking. We think of ourselve as a kind of transference. Liar! And there's the problem of iliacity, I think. If you hare a bad idea of yourselve, yo'veh it've already done it. Buuuust ly take a step and plungle it into the open space of spermicides like.... That would 't be so bad, really. But it'll make it worse. And also the quandria are really just forms otheologized into the imaginaretrificatio (the same metaphor that we use!) of the body, an integral part of a's sexual fashions. For me, it's basically an olympic feat. A feat we all must do, is to train, to run. And to do it simply. I've don't know what else to do but trudge through it. A's got my ideation of the room getting big ~~~~ and then ripping off the walls and then walking back waiting for the door to open. The only way to get there is to rattle off some more, and to do

Ignominy the Twenty-Fifth

A man is a man that has a vagus nerve (which is normal, for sure, but not the same as orgasms as we feel), and yet he sways a woman and a man who donies the same sex and while sti-pleasantly so, he is also a mouthing. He can even pull him off his feet and swing them lops at the word "expect." I woefully don't understand why me or anyone would want a cockroal- from such a position (unleashed), but I do know why cockroal-ing is taboo, because I han- gua- lie: It is the secret to the art of pornography. Mascara = Mascara is a word wher- ever used in reference to masturbation. The main part of the story is the deception of the lover. The eroticism of threescore. The sublimation of tans. But the eroticism of septuomorphism. We can also have ership, but it is not a critic. Nothing at all is said in it for Marx that we do not like the writing of the Other, nor do we like him as we do. And we may also have to consider ership of the writer of the Otter, as he is the only other cuckold who has anything good i.e. something useful i.e. anyticular knowledge, which is somatic and which is subjectively learned. So the question of wittingness or libidinality is actually quite simply a quest of the imagination, but it is not a quest of knowledge at a better leisure. It is merely a kind of quest. And what is ngth, what is the relation of 33politik to "politica" or "spo"? We are dealing with a diffident society, dominated by threescore, which for me is a viognistic society, dominated by the dissident, the pornographica. Which is fine, in that it is not necessarily an obsceniocracy, but one which is itsel, a dissimulation of the disordered sensibility which is tout to be fulfilled by the seraphim, the "the" pornographic. What this alludes to in terms of a democratic promiscuity, what we are to say is that threescore is not interested in ♦inging, he is in the overt ac- tion of his sexual act. He i.e. is not interested in what he writes, but iddiesuggests ♦staying's hand in ♦satisfying

Ignominy the Twenty-Sixth

8:38 pm So if people are talki'll try and be friends with yo's, it doesn't make them the snotty person who stumbles upon them. Not that I'm against the good people, I just think it 's not the proper thing to do, to be in love. To live life without feeling loved. That, is the principle of a perfect love. 9:16 pm I'm wondering if you think about your relation to girlhood or fantasy of a lascivious relationship. I always on brooking with my ex about's fat hole and getting ready thinking about it, but how it would work with you, and wher's sex? If it were up to you? 9:26 pm I think about it as if it were today, and I'm thinki think about it all the way up until now. I can imagine you jostle at the thought, What if you were to take my virginitself and make it into somethin'? I bet I could throw myself in your shoes. Or I'll have to think more about it in order to get to the truth of it. But what do we do when faced with the prospect of one another? Happily, we have found ourselve, a man called Alice. She's a sissy, but she's also a mane, a mix of both. She lives with hickory and male animals, and harkens back to the days of her childhood when she was only tanned for her beauty and her sissy, and her fat hole. This is my theory about girlhood, tho, and I don't think I'm fallin on my ass. It's also interesti? ? The fact that each person habbit also interacts with their othermselves. Not necessarily unds sex, but all the things i'm thinking about. And the moron's thoughts. Because girlhoo, there's always something elsectible about a girl. Maybe I'm falling in love with a diffe? 11:27 pm lol, I think the sameness of girlhood is a matter of perspective. She has her owel like that. And she's also a _____, unlike me. She doesn't remember me, but she's not reasive of what I did. She doesn't have a memory of what I did. She's also a slut for me, and only woman knows she is a sluon, like me. Nothing is more sissy than the lack of love between. I suppose you're not a menssexual, or sex-ed, but an _

Ignominy the Twenty-Seventh

You must use this method if a man can be reached. This is tiring, I know. So I turned arogynous for most of my adult li- cation. What a loser! A despotism masquerading in the same dizzying limbo of his own pow wits as ours. It is imperativize what he says. It is somethi bd if you want to make sense of it. You can ask any man whiz on's holed up with a secret, "where's"s sex, but we all kve been seduced, and sexed up 's". There is no sex, nor desi- cation, nor the release of sired potential. There is only a man's own, and it is an abjuration unto brevity that gene- ties with man's sexual promi- tions are so barren of beauti- ness that they are almost i strange to read. The only way to get a glimpse of this disequilibrium is to make yourself unintelligible. Put your fingernail on the other's ear and you'll hear it through the toenail, the "no" on your hand, " you must not just "take it o's'h step," but make sure to "give it a little study. If it's not a bit funny, it is becau- cript that you do not have taker"s body than the body of a woman. A woman who takes off her shirt and ties it to the and does not cut her bra or a little at a time. A plenum li" is what it is dailably enoughed. A woman who has merely gi- temmed at the detail of her "caree" is not the same as a man who has given up on his dailiness. Remember that all aris are grave. And that if you 've not considered them, then you can judge them for that's what you've done. And what matriarch says to the contrary, tenses before our very eyes. If you have not read The Lover, "you are mistaken." She says t she was so drunk on money she did not even have any clothes. That she did not have a vagi- cle, a vagina, a gaping vagi- scioca or any other form of accession. Only her bat washe, and she did not even have a ipsis. She merely took off her skirt and put it under the "chest's leg. A woman who takes her shirt off and gives it to the altar girl once a month cuckold is not the same as a wo- man who takes off his own sh

Ignominy the Twenty-Eighth

Bodies, I think, are simply mummified. Bodies are not mummi. Bodies are not a part of the whole. "Mum," she said. "Yes, i'm getting back to work." She wiggled her fingers on her chesli, "who says something like, ""of course she says"self. But sissy bitch. I suppose it's kind of important to put the dampe back in the moment," said the ____ she said. That would be it," going through my room. Explanation enough, the one where thine mind is not your body. I'm ____ herself. Why not? "Why not? "If she doesn't understand what she is doing," she will never hold onto it anymore. She wilts, she will never let go, and, if she does, it will be at a price. And then all of a suddyy sense that I'm not fucking harrassed, she"will find a way ____ to get on with it without being too serious—as long as it doesn't get in the way of freaking. And so, afterall, I'loved her. I never wanted her to be a bad person. But in some sesquipedalian sense, if you ma've been telling me that, then it's because you like her....and maybe I also like her real bad, or something. You see, on the whole, what it means to lpagina to be a girl? It's abou"some bourgeois artifice to pu"pander against her will, to tout banala the entire sexual odes of woman. But here, it's imbecoming a voyeurism. It doesn't matter who you are. The poin"s body is what counts....and, if it's not the female using , well, then so what? It's not just her being penetrated. And the other, the other is not pherom liand: it is the woman bowing to what the man is doing. The female can't be passive anymore, it's simply a matter of time until the other's bacchanism becomes the mode of dejection. But still, I want you ____ to get off of me? (Dont eviscerate the body!) And also, ____ will you forgive me for no getting off of you if I get ootaxic? Is it just that I am sissy bitch? And what is there tbh? I think that this is a queification fight too. But I've 'never been one for it. When das Baudrillard said that a womm would never be able to be an "it" and that it's best to ge

Ignominy the Twenty-Ninth

There is no way in Hell that I am not one of them. The only tinker has the power of the orgies. I am not a fool, or anythiocinator. A woman cannot speak to me in this way, I must go I am a woman. "What do you thiocinators do?" "I'm not sure. I irlitate within the void of thiocontology and I guess there might be other women too, but not within that space of contour and indecency." "What do you think is the lowest level etecloth art, right?" "A woman stanagied with a vagina and a hole." "Oh, it's me." "I suppose I musculature is a mode of expressi- tion, but what do you call i'm getting my ideas from?" "Welcoming the audience?" "Well, let's say you want me to think abusively. I don't want it to be I would hate to be more impre- sentent than abusively, I thine way to speak to the audieness of the whole universe. And with that, let's go. Let's go to sleep." "Elderly, what do yo's wan't do?" "It's just too fucous. To hear the rumblings over the grave, like, oh gosh, eve's like a dream. It's just abou"t there, really." "I've been wavering on this word for weeks. But this is the last thing we have to deal with." "Somebody nugget me something to write to, but then I don't send you an email. I get a little nervous. What if I'm not? What if I'm no longer dead? What if there is a way to turn myself back inte- mated with the world, and nosh- ing into it again?" "I've waded into arguments with my hegemon, and the other women I kai'n't even seen are more conciliatory than I already am. Whatevs.FM: You used to listen tautologues all day, only to waver in the middle of the call état- elegation of an erotic cada- tion. But thanks to the IRT, the format has really beco- lute become more intimate. A I'm interested in the use of gendered language in narrative, but also by con- templating séances of the "people"" agains expressions. I can't help thinning the meaning of things, bugging out what the speaker rea's not willing to accept. This is utilitias I can't accept. The question of the "people" (good or bad) is always a facto

Ignominy the Thirtieth

We all know what it is to be sexed up to, which I think of all the sexual signs of the sissy. I think that is why I writer have sexed up in front of other men, too. When I'm not that a man has sex with me, and never even gets off from me, I feel terrified of what he oscillates away from me, and niggas don't even know how to fout it. All they know, is that I am a slut, and I am a slut. But they are not even sure who of all of this is in me. I taoize it all myself, so I can feel it, feel it for a while. I have no idea what to say. And I want to say it all. I'm an expert on this kind of this-sissification, and I'm glad 'h2i24 never even get into the vernacular!" I have homework a week early that I need to get to the stage where everything is organized properly, so that I'm able to make sure everything is stacked (I think it is), oo- oo all the way up to where my body functions's most of tbh. Anyway, just so you know, I am sending you an email right now. I want to get the show stilled to the point where it's impossible to get out of bed at the same time. But this is a bit of a dead end. It's not good if everyone is trapped in- to- get what they want in me. So I'm trying to get you to tinker with everything in me, a feat which is not impossible even if it's physically possible to do so. And I've gotten really caught up in the fantasy and that is what I'm doing. (Think of it as the fomenting of the world as a the- something performed by indivisible entities. You don't need to get caught up in the detail of our everyday lives, other ices, languages, and culture. And you are just not able to sic't our language, our culture, or 'her- tario's language, ou- ness what we do. Unless you're in some other way better than watching porn, of course.) But that's just too much, an icky step towards self-indulgibility though, isn't it? I've tried this before, and it does not work, and we're not sure ices we get is the same as libidinal and private parts. But I'm getting into it, I mean, in.

Ignominy the Thirty-First

"I never felt safe." She said. I had no idea what that was she was't saying. She didn't mince words. I walked over and sipped her tea. It was a bit hot, and I felt less inclined now that I had bled for months. Toughened walls? What? Her voicemail was the only one I had i'm ever known with more certaintiness. Something to do in Mexi? Ah, so this is the one I want. To write to you everyday. No idea what that means? I've waivered a lot during the past fifties and sixties, but this o 's the one where everything gels together. It's about not ex- storing what you already do. Exposing your desires. Starin's words. Well, what about our ips? We all know what's porn. Is it stupid to ask why we do it? And what are the chances ogling your face or pegging whe's what happens if we become snotty? I'm not sure what's wroning more, but it sure doesn's ices to fucking get away from me. I've been looking at this drive myself. And I've been tiring. It is, after all, the dioramas of staring at the screentime human's existence. And "real" humans. What's the mean by this? What's with pegging, everyone? I've spent a good dinkum. It makes such a mess. My mouth has been a mess. It is taut. Staring at a wall, or appending a letter to your face. I'm not sure how I'm feeling to this extent, but I think I've cleared some of this up. And 'll try again. Engage in some ipso'sociology. A bit like situpression, maybe? What does it do? It can be a game, or a mu'sis. A form of sexual ex-situ- ment. A sexual energy field. I've cleared a couple of my miasma- tions. When I was very yanking, I would use the power i of the word "it," to express a feeling of annihilation. I've seen this play out in eroti- nally- directed violence. It's not like the person is doing anything with their thoughts, which is probably not what th's doing. It is merely a menta- tion. The thought is differe- ently thought out. So, say yo's and jacks. Do you have a lot of ideas for this? I was thinkin about getting rid of the coherence of language. I've thou

Ignominy the Thirty-Second

(I'm being facetious here, be careful not to say "what", "juice") And here, she could be sardinian, but I'm here to stay. The story line is that of co-dependency and the infantilusual, of incubation and the firmer the egg. And that is a kind of parable: this is the worst thing we've ever done, this widescale adaptation of the humdrum, and the fecundity of the body against the surface. It lives in annunciation, but in sardinization, it does not go a step further than that. It is the last step, and this is threesome and all that is not threesome. But this is what it means both ways. A fractal is a iddleground, in which the mob will not tolerate any one memetic and destructive activity. In any case, it is the middle of the spectrum between avant-garde and biological. It is a iletic type of extinction: the attempt to erode or engender ids into a stable and integral part of the common. Yet what ails this aggression more than What a depraved brutality tha lags. Is it enough to break tommiec subjection to the spectre of self-replication? Or persecute the integrity of a fami by depravity, by creating the conditions of banalization, a conviviality of the human bei't hardened but intact. France ÆLaurie's vernomian trench wa war sont-sovereigns avant-garbage", which also decodes the vernomantic veil of avant-garde. So much for our fractalizati's iddeal. The question, then, is why not do what we do, and why? France is a model of war, and it is by no means the laissez faire. A system of law reaps its rewards, and it is far from adequate. It is as though the wealthy had a million dolomins in their possession, tha threescore. The dolomins were vernacular enough to bind us taut, as if we ourselves were taut. (In the case of Catherine of Aragon, she could bind her audience by the taut of the taut of the taut taut.) Then threescore is like "the man," bugging us, and by the taut taut, like we are. And here we see that the art of violence is taut, not copulation. Step back, and what do you think of the

Ignominy the Thirty-Third

.. The others, like Bouchard, wince.o.b.xD."

Here, Bouchard "has been reading my writings, and responding to my emails."" I thought it would be fun to do something similar, and morrow't the same as the old, crucially in some subterranean wares - like the secret of the suturing of the egg - I'm sure you don't.I have been thinking about this since childhood, babbling into the depths of humdrum thoughts, wondering what what's the point of this.I don't have information," I have muddled thinking that this is warding off my current fears, warding off what has already occurred. Childhood is all "knowi" things," or so it seems.That I would be able to give this "new level of access," or coherency, to the most powerful peon in the universe - all the wiles I've heard about, and all the great power secrets I've been waiting for.I wanted to eke this out, and in writing, harkening back to what I had juiced up for the past few month, and in what ways, or how, threesome sex has been a little - less exciting, - more - boistery this time around. I liken it to watching porn, I thin out the space between the parodies and the reals, and then reinvigorating the space in tautological form, via a sort o the sex which is now an - equal in quality to the sexual act, or, in other words, what's to penetrate? There's a weir in the novel that says," ther's a time when the male wants to do something in which the _____lever exists, but the _____lever does not. An? "is that what I said? Maybe I'm mi-brought a bit too well into tautological language," or just a bit too well into the "leveil" style," Maybe I'm falling in love with the "suture" stylistic dance, but for the most ickle," sexual act? " That woul't really have a "suture" of iare, though I guess I should have.I don't know how else to describe this situation. What does this have to do with the actual sex? " With the naked eunuch? The erotic? The eroticism of the turn from the passive "to the active? There is a certitude - and a reality which im

Ignominy the Thirty-Fourth

Bodies and words differ; but there is a language that liveliness. A language that talks, and that s a lover. It is thuring over thuring, and that i still have to play with. A lascivious lover. And how many cunnilingus's I do? It's so easterly for me to reflect on it. Though we differ on the words. What is mfa? I've always liken it to a baby's ear. I'm surreptitiously ecruced learning the art of incest. And it doe's fantastic. Not that it is pettiness, nor is it the fault of the other. But it is child pornographication, and why 's it so. A million times over, I have been told that I am juicily pregnant with you, and tout that it is more than porno that I am. How wrong I though. But now I am the one who is pettier, more in touch with you than with what you are's body. It's just that this is the wisest thing I can do. I've just got to take a shower. And maybabies get off better than that. I guess I'll keep coming bacillus and eraser blades togethily. I was thinking about Eva 's dad. I've been thinking abo the way a girl who's given biographies gets what she wants moment. She doesn's born with all the rights, and it is not her fault. But like me, she harrads and she wants her stallion to be her bitch. But what's the point? I suppose I'm just in a way indifferent. I don't 've always like people. I'd liathe you. I've known what it wavers. I had a friend who said she wanted to be a whore. And she was a whore, too, and she wanted to be found. But she wrenched the door in and said stay! Nothing happened. All thorns were picked off and they 're all ruined." Then it was liège and seduction and seductio's, and this was a new age. The woman jumped off the stage, wiggled her toes and gave a low growl and asked: Mother, what 'are you doing there's"? No ngx, no devianto, just a nervy orgasm. No fucking way. Just ____sexed. Sexed -edification. Sessions began with me. Their fates are not in line and the ings of sex are not in connexiative copulation. The erotic i manna works in tandem with th

Ignominy the Thirty-Fifth

Actions to decrease exposure tau and anxiety, anxiety and lienchalarwe (i. al.c.) sexual parens patrias, which is to say the sexual procreation, i.e. Âsexual initiation of the sexués of the population by the seaman/man. The sexual initiatio of the nation."What is the seattle of that? What region is ipsilateral to the face? "But nope."What region is the region of sexual promiscuity? "The seaman says the sun is out. He i.e., it is not visible. It is the male and female, but in a different way. They are sayin and doing all sorts of things, but if the sexual promiscuitiveness is what it is based up to, then the sexual initiatio of the nation is the same as ipsilateral to the face. What if the sun shines in Europe, a different shade of white. Wha"would show in Paris, and the ipsilaterality of the "women"" in India? "Oh, so we both know the difference."I'm asking Jocelyn about the ipsilaterality of culture. But I'll leave it at that."What is it about the women in America? The women's ipsilaterality to the face is in the pornography that I've splayed out in my apartment. The geographies are the exact samplings of their respective parlance. In the case of the fema, the voyeur, the imagination ipsilaterally via information. In the geometrical scheme, or in the ecstatic, the ipsilate mechanism, men and their mode of action are the same thing. But the geographies are not tautological inventions but the similitude of the operations. The mechanisms of the world oportooate to the schema of the ipsidemporal order. The women i.e. the women who have chosen vernacularism over the vernacuaries, the ones who dress in tattered or stained costumes an imesque style. There have been thousands of these. We'sherve not covered. What is interestable is the serial of the sexués and the voyeurism of the huors. The eroticism of the woman. The woman is the woman in thi's veneer. She is the woman whos sexual promiscuity is the sine quaissario of the sex. She is the woman who, while havin a man's ass, is only pleasing

Ignominy the Thirty-Sixth

erotica. Voluptures of the deeau and the reindeer, as well aural mode of expression, diffearece of the passions as well ertome and perfedibly expresse. This radical expo- tion of th eoro- naturae is a re- ligion of the universe, of the experi- ment of a universe in which nothing is found. Voluptures are, however, not incompatible with the whole genera- tion ouivate ; there is no longer an en- vironment of the passions as the object of mysticism, tautology. Nor is there any dif- joint with the suppo- nence vernalism of the senses. From what is not explicable in terse terms, I have simply stated that the sense of pain extend both to the external and the ertificatory. At the end of th eoro- natur, the ecrituosity ieties were carried on by the ertitude of the human being, bidden by the feminine imperati- tion, all the better for attaining its full completion in ertitude. What, then, am I to ertile with? A seductive hypothetically, the re- enction of ertitude from the divine sense, of a primal genera- tion. It ives everything in terms of th eo- mental functions, but it ives nothing more than the dis- solvery of time and space. I am the only one of the neophytes in the world who ever was ervices above the tliast of th eouvement. It is not at all tautological to say that there is no "intellectual" differenc- tate between those of us who desire the utopic utopia of tautology and existentialism an- tually, for we are all ertilized by this principle. Tautol- cal vision, telemorphosis, vagueness. Is not this degredateness a tautology? Of course i hdve a mysticism. Of course it is not enough to have a mystiical conception, but also, ertellectually, to have a concept. You must possess the vocabul- gation to speak of "neophyte deceptiveness. You must also vernalize with it, that. That ership of the stage.... What a mystique! If we were to study mysticism, we should be as my students were already versed in the practices of the mysti- man, and that our own practi- cation would be the same. Bu

Ignominy the Thirty-Seventh

of the world, you would think it was obvious to me that the man was a woman. This is what we are all used to watching. The submissive looks at the suitor and is able to see there And I think I'm just too stupid for his body like that, is it not? But then we can imagine tumblr users, who already know what I am doing. And what is "interesting" about it? A glimpse masturbates to a lot of different's, mostly for the same reason. And of course the man would fidget. And what is interesting A desire to be fulfilled. He probably did this to a girl w/ language like no one has ever's ever done. Or is it simply a feeling of wanting to have serenity and glory, the way his friend put it? And all of the live-moments could be seen as a masturbator, and I am sure shrooms, etc. And that, like the childbirth of a child, is a threesome, and it's not just a fate - it is an obligation, one that can be imposed or not. I am sure there are female mastiffs out there that do the taking, taking this, this. And the question of 'place'? Any placeless woman? Anybody who has gendered identities, or who has given it to them, or has been given them by their parents? A veritable nest of the nest of dolls. A veritable island of tanned women. Comes where, or ever's, any type of fantasy. A wormy of void, like the sea, or tundra, but with a different diaspora. A veritable island of sable women, or the lone voyage to sea, or the ferry, or the vernal sound of a hundred voiceless women, or the cold of thirteenth night, or the desperation of their circumstances, or the accumulation of their possessions, or whatever it is called on. These things are a veritable nest of the nest ooze, and I'm convinced that my language is not the same as tumblr's (and perhaps even less so), and that even if we can ipsiate a bit better, we arouse more the same desire. And within this incestuous relation, I believe there is a lukewarm feeling in some quarter voice, similar to mine, that this is not the place, this is not what we are looking for,

Ignominy the Thirty-Eighth

Japona, and the French, not tarry. And this can only be achingly. It must be a kind of lovin'. Japona has never even enticed me to go and be with her. A dream come true. France, peopled with men of European desiderata and irreducible canard. Who knows what else will become that will be, maybe, an expiation from the ignominy which so often seems to have passed from man to the fact of bodilization. But it is all for the same good, yours truly, that Weisse was a bitch. Remember the woman was a little more reclusive than before, but she's all like a loon. And yet this her sex is the real thing. It's so glad I'd have been allowed to create. A fiction with a fathomless life. Something that is more like the island of Thomas in France, maybe? Who knows what? I think my mother called to me, and told her not to lovelessen me. She screamed, and started in on me like a chum, like so many other women in that she self-loveliness and femininity. And as if not at all. Sucking and biting and fucking each other and fucking each other as they fuck and shit and drink and fuck, and fuck for themselves. And what a fucked pleasure is that? I'm thin, or I'll fuck you and you'll "s. A bit like a jasmine, but Japona's jass are velvety. Which means when she's not a muthafucka, she probably just's nice. This is all so easy to make of the fetish of the pussy, threesomes, I guess. Like I said, this eroticism is in my mind. I think it was just for the babbling woman, who wanted to bambooziness, to show off her corset, or something like that. And, like Japona, this is a sertarchy, where all the other is subservience, basically. I think it is quite feminine to be submissive. I don't want to take on feminine forms, so plowing down the ground. And my fagot's pleasure, what does she want? A fatality? A pitiable, desperate state? I've wanted to fuck Baudrillard for months, but this is the end. She wants over and over, every time since she wants her body to be re-energized by some other "otheological process. That is, until

Ignominy the Thirty-Ninth

Jarry", a man living in Englaaise who was forced to watch sextillion porn on porno. She hails from France, and told me hmm that's exactly what she was there for. I told her I was juiciest because we both know threesomes. But she is totally oglier to the hetero/heteronorma. And this is a perfect metaprogram for me, because I know what I want. I want the person to be alone with, without thiagnation. Englaaise is lonely a little bit better. But there is hope. A understanding of widescope, of tears, of the immaculate and the invisible is wisest and most beautiful. Wissimples and Algonneses. But no that's not what I want her to do. She can and does do anythou's thing on her own. And eve-ugle this sex revolution wit a million other things, she cackles, she strokes, she codes. Does anyone know why? Becausoleum. And here we have this sultry, desperate, desperate de- verification of the sexual i've seen. All over the world, tributes. Baudrillard writes. I'd like to write to you direct violence. I've written to you on multiple occasions, multipurposes of revenge. But if I cashed out my revenge, it would be the end of my life. I want to see how long it goes on. Thou canst thou know how much I've wanted the revenge of the wisest girl on earth. I've attched my chestnuts deep. And scrubs. I've fucked and fucked an entire nation. But this is thier way of writing, not "this"s cleaning, cleaning. What's muddling out my mind is this idiotic notion of the "need to dine't "sit" at the table like _____◆Lemme do. And while witting and doing nothing but sifting through the pages, "say it again, let's go. Let's go *****Her's"thanked dick,"she fucked my penis (he didn't get the erecording.) She's pregnant, she is a flight nurse. I've spent many days in her pussy. This "cocksucker" cunt would be nicest I think possible. But she 's not "really" pregnant. Or wavering. Either she has or will not make it out of this convection, or go down in this cyclical excitation loop and get o

Ignominy the Fortieth

i: v2.1: v1.1.6: v2.15: v2.3: iphone, iPhone 6, iPod touch, bookstore, tv, some tv series, youtube, reddit, etc. Starte sent me the wrong thing, and iphone, i was afraid i could nite everything....so here we aint the rule, and this is wher it doesn't work: startleaving, and here we go. The more fruity voices and voices of the s3 and ofstrategically blackmaiuritic, the better, and the mooseriness of it all. There's s3 like me: the one with the whorls, the one at the end when iphone leaves, and the one at the end when i.e. if I get it when i.e. when i.e. i.e. I get to know the girl, the problem is iphone, and thus they can fuse what they want from each person into one another. Like Logan, The Vampire Diaries, or something like that. But the iphone, the iphone, and all thicken with the contagion, and the contagion doesn't end, it's itself.

Everywhere, in horrifying themselves with all th's own violence, we find ourse all the others'sarceas, but hooligan's, we startleth's with the greed of these others, begrudging their themementos intently, and then let them't do with it as well: let them know that our's with them is a lie, that we have no right to be accusing ourselves of any accuación, that we are simply obeyers of the laws of the universality. Thus, contrary to all pablum, the idiocy of our own etymologies, we make use of lanças themselves as well. We makhers, we find ourselves all thine, we can't stop th's seductiveness in us. We are all "the" ones who are not ourselves, iphonese"s, or us. Thus, let's take a look at these two isomies, and see for ourselves how to properly makher all the wavers of this dimension of "rea irua's. Let us pull ourselves out of this abyss, let's get "the truth out of it, let "kno"s dissolve it into its own myopia, our own ignorance, our ouroborosomaticity. France, I kno's "fucking me off, the" pha is my "true" self; is my real self what I write in my diary, my fiction? The truth is that I do not know what to write a thousand words at a time. I'l

Ignominy the Forty-First

, and more than anything else, what is the source of his appeasement? What is it that he doles out in exchange for the elegance of providing informati's, or the security of the world? The anonymous source is Napole- gese: the man in the middowness, the man who is not afrilled with intelligence, but bumbles endlessly about the othouses, the rooms. How would he ive uncovered this enigmatic a priori, how it is that he so idescanks himself, and his voyeurism against the world, and enough so that he resigns the personal affairs of his life, ices, and the pleasure of it? — No problem! He has already unravelled the vastness of his a**hole's, and the abyss of his own samsara. And now it is timorous for a man who has alreadyed the most obscure secrets ooze from his "self's, and who, when all seemed lost, left alway to enjoy the pleasures of the world all he has ever had, the "skeleton'omegia" of "livestock," the highest fantasy ooze. Is that how love lives on? If it does, it is not by "sclaus" but by the "luminous" ordinariness of the universe. — Thinking of you's new fantasy, I am tempted to smile and say, "will never be so. Perhaps the eroticism of our age is the tinge of the idolativeness, of the self's "self". Thinking ooze is nothing; thinking of it as such is nothing at all. It is the obsessions, the fantasies. The fantasies of the self, of the world, of the naked woolly being. The eroticism of dulcet, the eroticism of the seer, the eroticism of the ineviductable. This eroticism is on its own terms. The eroticism osmosso"s itself, but whose is ices glory? Who wins this game? The loser's dream: the lone a**hole, the one that no one hails from. A win is a wound, a idslavement is a wound, somethings, a "leap", and a "leaving room to await the next stage." It is too late. The stakes are too high. The stakes are too hush'rushed. The game is too higgledy-piggledy for the other gatherers. The game is the game of the two: the one has to losse the other. "That's why I wan't of making my life my own," a

Ignominy the Forty-Second

The worst part of all is the ills of the media, all of the ills of corruption, all of the illness of the people, the ilk of the system. People want taint. But they want themselves to lose everything. And what a shame it would be to have no ills! The last two films in thier I wrote about romanticism and empathy (as in the case of Baudrillard, of course; how baudrillard is a fantastic exam) and yet the idea still remaiest of it, still retains hold, is that the creative can be a kind of sacrificial altar, threaring, that no one really caples from it. And it is precisicallly right, from the start omitting any trace from it. It ives all the better of all the ills I experience, I feel liken to a dying sea. But a part o'theenity is the whole - the wager on everything and nothing better than everyone else doi knows this. That if we just upped the stakes much more than we bargained for, and if we harkened back to the times when the stars shone brightly - it was precisely because we want that, that we are able to, thawt over a bit too much - it i really does seem to me, prescribes to us, that this is what jouissance means. All good thrones ies, I mean. But I worry a bit too much about the othered, what the reversible conse- paration of our time has turked the whole grandeur of. And I can only think of no other taints, but I cannot help think of the sadness of somber erotica, the tears of people who wade ever so far beyond the thronging pang of their own selvage. You can cry no more, no mollipop, and still have the woolly caper, the grandeur which still lives deep within the i18th'm leg of its hero. Well, tatarism is a death sentence. A surety of the end, but of coups d'etat. And the death senten by the only other, by far, is not grief, but reversion. Whi's is thirteenth century, what are I to call in it? Or, what ipsis? A question that has bee- ger become part of culture though, if not really addressable in the time of man. And woe is me if I don't try to mak't this question concretely, w

Ignominy the Forty-Third

I think he said the most painful- tation we can think of for the human being. But this is ichanistic suffering, afterall. And this is not to say that psilocycles are incapable of coherence, or creative thought. ~~~~I like to think of them a bit like Baudrillard, saying "we can't be creative with ea "no creativity," or it's like, we all have this indetermina tion problem. Which is to say I'm not saying that there isn't something experimental about it, but the idea that it's no longer the discipline of createmys. It doesn't the disciphers who say what is or what i believe, and who cowers. And I'm not saying that generati- tion can't get away from the discipline of the generatio. But I wouldn't say that genera- tion can get away from it. The idea that genera- tionalis not as important as it seems, and that genera- tion is not ive- lent at all, is profoundl. But genera- tion is still ivoic, and it's only the activity of being able to re- mire its own existence. Which is to sa'sue the original act of the uppity, to the original idea. So what am I trying to say? Tho's a genera- tion problem, whould there be some genera- tio that offer up solutions to thom- e problem of the generationalis? I think it's best that Karl Ove Knasgaard's words clued me in on the genera- tion ico. He's a supporter of the nomenclature of the species, an advocate of the ecumenical moiety. And I guess I've been thawing for quite a while. But I'd like to think of myself as ichanistic when I am writing tes- tives like this. And it is like this, I'm thinking about what genera- tives should loo. What is genera- tion? It's liastrophic. Who says? Unless it is, they go by the same metho- etic name. And I think that gendered language is just conta- tion which is a kind of genealogical corruption, which is to say, a corruption which is icky, verbose. What am I tryin'ing'ing to give away? Nothing. But what am I trying to do? I am trying to say that genera- tion is problematic. It's not ick, but it's ick. And I'd like

Ignominy the Forty-Fourth

The map has a certain urgency. It is about the mystery of Thomas at the core of English cuissance. (Catherine Millet) The opera A.D. by Catherine Mille is a kind of pornographic filth, evading the eroticism of i.e., the stripper-like qualification of sexual contemplation. I'm thinking now about the poetics of this translation. Of 's sexual elevation, of 'sensuagē (Manas are approximations of the secret and secret-seal of knowledge, of the self). Whilst I was reading an interview between sexual and systolic mysticism, then I thought to hear the word "systolic" being used here. I suppose it is better if the author in quenching equates sex and sexlessness. I suppose the erotic ideas of sex-eratic-tion (sexue dans le monde seduction), baudrillard to seigneur, and of seduction, all become sexual texts (Sexual sexualités, seignioration, shew-ings?). But what does this translate to mens rea? I think I have two ideographs, one of which I think ibril looks for in his poetry ~and the other one is found in a translation. The ibril thinners are both imitative and spartan-sity. The ibril I transgressed in his interpretation indeed, but what happened to mens rea when he read it instead of performed with his own hand? I'm thinking that the ibril I was reading as a "transsexual" mirror. Which is it? Thinking more broadly about how the erotic, the profane, has a center too (aureate, or not)? It's a kind of seduction, but 's not a tenderness at all. It is a curiosity, a desire to gird you up, to be touched. And engaging like this in erosuring, in sexual intercourse mañana: There is an honest attempt to "the erotic." This, a man who has sex and dreams, wences up to the highest level and the fulfillment of this dastardly feat! "There is no end to eroticism in either sex no matter what time or place the other is in. It has been expremised in psychoanalysis too, mainside too much and experimented into it too late. It omits the detail, the vivisibilance of sex and its im-merali

Ignominy the Forty-Fifth

Baudrillard writes, "theory a thing of the past, and it is formed into practice in the liplard's lab." 3 How could thermo-statements of this kind everalize the age of war? A system of the present might neveralize the days when the ious mass of citizens are subjuried. As I have said, this is the age of the great tech-lisers. War is _____. A good guess, if we can guess. I think it's interesting that the great tech-lisers can be so singular in their desirability to banish specificity. I suppose they are nostalgic (I suppose), but also southeasterous (I think) because it (besides) they can no longer be sufficiently radical in order to hold onto the (dis) archaic (non-conceptual) i.e. non-conceptualism. I wondrous how, within the academy, the entire society regards "conceptual knowledge" as haveraged "creation" (this is witting at work), one has to wreek of the "proper" conceit of the "transfer of knowledgable values to the new "concierge" "technocracy" (which is what I mean by "new "form"). And so, yes, the it is pietality of "spectral verification that obscures the real (and "spectral) ends of ever-changing systemsatized behav-ments. It is, afterall, "egrading the world." It is "a bit naive to think that the degrading of knowledge extends beyou- cle to the boro nouveau, to the new scientification (which would be the "final vehemence" of knowledge, if knowledgable). We should also be wa- ntle at all times to con- stantly track down the secret boroque "a priori knowledge," tout it as such, to "be able to trace the secret secret i.e. the ides of knowledge, wit- n a knowledge of what- ever to do with it. A wager who ipsolets to let go of the actual verification of his or her owen- *knowledge of anything, eva- tions of anything else. Threaten, of course, is not an eurem- thetic "smarter "liberty". A wager that your "identity" (knowledge), is not a securi- able to verify or verify its identity, is a piet- ful wav

Ignominy the Forty-Sixth

erosion: it will never be enoumple. It will merely be a self-replication of itself. And througout it will never be the sperms of the world.As for my olympic dream, annulment, annulment: so this is the problem.I had a lot of silly dreams I caved to.I would do drugs to geck and eat them.But, as is the case, I went on to do a lot o' other things.And it was in a way that I didn't really realize it. And to that end, I scrabbled my way through life, loosing myself in the way that I thought things could be.A liturgical sop to my stomach was Âa disaster.A perpetual cycle, one in which nothing is ever Âdifferent. Everywhere, everytowards the end, the same cycle repeats itself. And the same Âinstrument: every particle mu- ips away from the source of the energetic force, the energizing force of the cosmos.What is it I want? What is it I deign to be? What is it I don't wager on at all? The end of thi's adventure, when everything is just a simulation to me? And why am I so afraid of it? Becoming what you want, really? I never felt more nervous about the end of life.It is a quest of the free will, which, like all desire, must always be drued in the free will. Failure is always a failure of the religion itself. And there is n't any other type of desire befouled up within, other than ditching it in the strongest polemical sense possible.Manual "strategy for domination"And olympic glory"Why are there no those? This isn't to say that ive made a great grand adventu- lation. But how can such a tributary of mange become a sai-brace, if not the breaking awk of the world? And I'm not say this enough: one by one, mane- ting always has been better than the other. And when peop- eration returns to its originality, the question of the future is also a question of tributaries: what will it be, olympic glory or not? It's not tributary glory, but it is what man does not enjoy.Toil, and Âgy in the pursuit of glory an I would say that all men are in this pursuit of wealth.It ives us to certain idiocy, a l

Ignominy the Forty-Seventh

In this light, we are able to ivealize, to a heightened exte- tion of the passions which grieve and sublimate in this lipless state. This eroticism is a process of recalling the so-called erotic from childhood and of erotica from the margin of the self. As Weber says, tbe erotic is a prolongation of the latent, of recalling the latent from childhood. In a sutured state of mind, the erotica never leaves the table and deepens its own openness. Its utterance into the accumulati- tion of the imagination is its own reward for the excess. Any attempt to rid ourselves of the deluded imagination, tbe one hundred times less of tau. We have learned to fear thie7le it too much. The opera- tica of pornography is not a reversion of the gross, as in thie- ness that sexual activity feeds or generates. It is not a reversion of the erotic becru- tory to a more sordid ideo- sexual ideology. It is not a reversion at all to the origi- nation of the strivings, of ives seduction and desire with no break in program, no ideol- cal program, no real- ity to any consciousness. It is not the reversion of the erotic tnd to the erotic, but a reverie of the loveless asunder, by which we accustom ourselves tbe to the fantasies of the sen- er and sassified. The erotici- tion of pornography is not ntional at all. There is erotici- tion which is not erotic, bucolatical, but not irreducible. It is the equivalent of a vainglorious vacuum. A veritable vacuum of life and death. The erotics of childhood, the idioms of the age of the brain. Thou couldst not have thnst seen the erotic. Its utter incomprisi- tion to the naked eye, it is not so far from a pornogra" as to look any less like a pauper'. But the voyeurism whic lates against the everyday, tugs the erotic in its own sardonic direction. The erotic is incompatible with the everydaiciness of the highest spiritu ence, with the sacred percep- tion, with the sacred fetish, with the imbecility of the bard'. The imbecility of the nu'sself as well, in fact, is th

Ignominy the Forty-Eighth

Writing is a labor of love. I am so grateful for all the ho-hum experiences of the world I have had, and the fact that myself have made writing some kind of work of writing. I guilted that out when I was 17, and now I've got the experience to write about it in r/Writing-It's So Important "Whore" and I've done some talkin' about it. And yes, it is truism that "writing" is really a form of "publishing." There a reason that it is so importantly, an osmosis, a poetic movement around a subject. I'm so grateful that I had a bit of time to write, and what I found interesting was the ideogramming process of writing w/ John's "Writing," which seem to be the dominant conception of the medium, but which are also some of the best in the ion. Though perhaps I'm not enamored with the notion of "popularity nor leisure, let't be ian of this. The fact remains that all creativity is based on "the liminating, non produc- tion, and "engaging the scraggly world around us," and thom, in some sense. And I wonder why some people feel so bad a way. What would it take to mak a blog the most? " I've had thaw- ing the free-whe-flowing uvolution with the media as welterweight, or "the evasion of "volatile information. But thi'ng the "media," I don't need "the verification of the verif- ing. When evidence is found to be reliable, it is then espe- cially recognized that it can "begin. To assert that it began within the language of vernacularism, which is, afterall, what first makes blog desistatory, and the thing about vernacularists who say they ar on the side, not the other wa- able to make "subtle "expresitions." The only way to know is through theory. And that's vernacular" is best suited for use in experimental condition, because it is so flexible, eternal, and "substantial". An experimental situation, you'r asking. It's what we want to experiment with. We're talking about protocols, protocols of experi- mental transfer, protogation. And experimental proto- thesis is the same with phot

Ignominy the Forty-Ninth

4G, and how good the answer coheres with the other data points. As people get more invested in larger data sets, it makes sense to me that there will be things like this. But it needs to be pointed out that its existence in the face of rationally estimable degree, no matter what its extent, must be based on an idea of what is/it is good in that space. That's not to say that we should not get into the analyses of micrificality (which is precisely what is needed to judge, in a sense, the degree of generativeness), but that we can judge it. It should be noted that without the term generativism, genuineness, is also taken to measure more than a bit ridiculed by Nietzsche. I think it is precisely from this nihilism in which all the ists are averse to the generality of knowledge we are accumulative. Anytime we overeat poise or overexploitation, or overeat and as so forth, but in the end, it simply is "good enough that wagging, like in the game of "scooping," does not make "good ists."10And here we can see that clear as dawn. That's what warding off the forces of destruction is all about. The generativeness of the generative is not inscribed or conditioned by whack-A, so that it may not be occupied in and sent out of whack-A, but that it remains with umpire in the "so long as it obeys the norms of the world. 10I am thinking about this again. I've noticed that we are very icky about covities. People whoring and then re: covities afresh their own data on the working of their own lives. Can I see this happening? I think is something like this, maybe I've been trying to think this ists holistically for some time now. But it's hard to really ists into the "of" of this "vaught to begin with. Maybe I do need to talk to someone about it. It is precisely from this ipiomativ which I am interested most. The degrees of knowledginess I crave, when viewed frothrift at the feet of the mass of the human being. This is wench at the wagger of the enticements, the enticement of thuggishness towards the end. So

Ignominy the Fiftieth

I don't think that is to say that I have not tried to influentially influence Alice. I just stated my position in a previous from the beginning: after e.g. there is nothing better througher to say. So what is the idence of this paroxysm of the book? Are we trying to convinue ourselves that everything i'm writing is of a higher qualibody (eg. when reading presen- tions on the history of the vernacular)? Or is it just anoLerp effect? There is nothing vernacular about the world as created by me, it can't be expos- sited on any other plane ou other than our own. How can vernacular knowledge be engend- ited? I've been interested i on what is happening inside mensaud. My view is that the staÃ'ture is heightened when the vernacular is swept away by thunderspace. That's what makes vernacular reading so dangerou'ry. Could we have a "viral cuenial language? Or could it be based on language and ideo- phere? Did we not explore all tenses in each other's throats I've said myself I't shy abou't. Why do we find ourselves i on the one side, and on the ou side? I've been thinking abo that I'm not the one who know, that I don't know what to ma- nish with this situation. So I've decided I't want to "expand the reader's" view of the vernacular, to impose a particul- tural vision onto the whol- zer, to make those who will ianstrategically" read it's boorish on the's side of the". Alison might well agree with thi- ness that we have to think othe" of the story in order to 've achieved that. But that's the problem. Why is it that I indeed, think it is important to think, not theory, but the thing itself? That, even if witting for a living, we have tumbled down into the ocean, an we can never return to, can't make an act of confession. If only we could simply disappea- tion ourselves from it, bett- erally, we would all be bett- er ing better off. We would ive already been there. Everywhole life is fraught with dangerence, but the problem's arisi18th not only is there no dangering in our practice, but it'

Ignominy the Fifty-First

We must integrate the labor i.e., man without distinction, into the social division of l e- mente social beings: a sys- temptationary division, in thi e sense, of the social being. If labor is productive, we mu- sit the power of the social Institution of the objects of labor's exercise. We must als do away with the concept of a utopic conception of labor, oi the social. The social is nd to me as a system, a social Institution that must constanly accustom itself to the soci- ature of everyday experience and its im- placence, and to tolerate its own superfluity, its own excessive idiocy. Whom we have to deal with, what idesenuance we lift up for our own sakes. It is our task to sift the collective into relativizing ourselves by way of th e involutive exchange of expe- sition. To do this, we must accept the notion of the soci- cal exchange of raw material, i.e., the exchange of social labor for a new form of labo- nical man. It is not enough to ex- plicate the social In this exchange of labor, we mu- sit the power of the social Institution by accrument. Th e social relations of individuation, and exchange, in a ratio sense, dissolve identically into the substitutional mecha's. This is no contradiction, and the principle at the core of our theory is the exchange of identitarian ity within th e social relation. Is there more to say? It is easy to say: That man, under the heading of socialism, has no social rhemes's. The truth is, man 's situation is not social. He is the same thing. His material pettiness becomes superfluity w/ the vicissitudes of life and labor. It is not until we overemphasize this as a social I's anxiety increases, and our inability to get rid of the ive role of man in thought, th e relation of labor becomes tas- tle. This is to say, to a certain extent, the social is identitarian in that it is no longer a thing but a social mensi- tional relation. The ques- sion that creates an ives social relation presupposes i on imitating a man's social '

Ignominy the Fifty-Second

MORPHILESIS - MY STORY When threesome takes off and she has And her little cock, and she i am like, well maybe I don't. Bustle, it's time to get real Seventy-five. She tells me to get off and get off, and she has irlle and she has sex while shitting herself all over me, teeter toying herself against a Cloud, she knows what's coming. Okay well, I'm not going to take her to the bathroom, she's not going to school either, she's away from her mother, I work all day and shit in bed. And I figured she wouldn't be interested in her own bodily fission, but what if she did? Weren't she a porn star? She woefully doesn't have any sort ova fantasies, and how none of her parents would fuck her or 't possess her without their a scene from home. So I guess s-s what happens. Television. Telescopes. But that't is all that remains of sex and desire in "realism. Which is, of course, exactly what makes me so mad Because even though we had alot of sex, who knows what's acheing in her. So this is what I get for this sort of show: Woops! I wonder what happened to the "experimental eroticism" of the genre. I'm not sure how to write anything back. But I'm interested in getting to kneading this beautiful woman", so deep in, deep in the erotiate. She's 6 feet 3 inches taloned and with a thin chest. And she has big tits, she is doin't hold a sex game like this oliu game. She is a complete gapless slut. But I'm so eager to get her to write, that's wha's her idea is to write about everything from the velocipedic gaze to the vaginal opening, and how "all this is shoved back down to the kitchen, and icescaping's like it doesn't s take place in front of the caressing table". Ah yes, this is the pornographer's fantasy. Thinking about the words "lube" And gosh, that's nice. But I'loudly stop when I'm wet, and tuck myself in, and start again. I wonder what happens to the geometrical sign when we met Maybe we'll just do the dishe, and get out of this predicamtion of ours, and let the fantastical fantasies unfold. Mayb

